BATTLEWORLD
THORS
CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS
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SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED! NOW ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD: A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM! EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

TASKED WITH POLICING ALL OF BATTLEWORLD ARE THE THORS—EXTRAORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN FROM EACH DOMAIN DEEMED WORTHY TO METE OUT JUSTICE IN THE SERVICE OF DOOM, THE ALL-FATHER! WHEN A SERIAL KILLER WAS DISCOVERED TARGETING THE SAME WOMAN ACROSS EVERY DOMAIN, PARTNERS ULTIMATE THOR AND BETA RAY THOR BEGAN THEIR INVESTIGATION. HOWEVER, RAY QUICKLY GOT IN OVER HIS HEAD WHILE LOOKING FOR ANSWERS FROM LOKI AND WAS STRUCK DOWN. HIS FINAL WORDS REVEALED THE IDENTITY OF THE VICTIMS—JANE FOSTER!

ULTIMATE THOR

BETA RAY THOR

RUNE THOR

DESTROYER THOR

STORMBORN

GROOT THOR

THOR THE GREEN

THE FROG OF THUNDER

OLD THOR

THOR THE UNWORTHY

THORS

◆ THE JANE FOSTER MURDERS ◆

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ALL THROUGHOUT THE HEAVENS, THE THUNDER HAS GONE SILENT...

THE LONGER YOU WORK THIS JOB, THE MORE IT FEELS LIKE ALL YOU EVER DO IS SIT AT A DESK, FILL OUT SCROLLS--

...FOR TODAY A THOR HAS FALLEN.

--AND GO TO FUNERALS.

VALHALLA'S MEAD HALL. MANHATTAN.

THE FUNERAL YOU DREAD THE MOST, EVEN MORE THAN YOUR OWN, IS THAT OF **YOUR PARTNER.**

BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW THEY DIED, THE FACT THAT YOU'RE STILL ALIVE...

...MEANS YOU FAILED THEM.

TODAY WE LAY TO REST BROTHER ***BETA RAY THOR.***

IT'S BEEN 32 YEARS SINCE HE FIRST PICKED UP HIS HAMMER.

THE FIRST 13 HE SPENT WALKING A BERSERKER'S BEAT. ***THE GOBLIN RIOTS. THE XAVIER REBELLION.*** HIS BOOTS WERE ON THE GROUND FOR THOSE DARKEST OF DAYS.

THEN 11 YEARS AS A THUNDERER IN THE HALLS OF VICE AND BLASPHEMY, WHERE HE RACKED UP MORE COMMENDATIONS THAN THE REST OF US WILL SEE IN A LIFETIME.

EIGHT YEARS AGO, HE ROSE TO THE RANK OF STORMBREAKER AND SERVED WITH DISTINCTION IN THE HALL OF HOMICIDE.

IN 32 YEARS, NEVER ONCE WAS HE UNWORTHY. NOT EVEN FOR A DAY.

HE NEVER BACKED DOWN FROM A FIGHT OR A DRINK.

HE DIED WITH A HAMMER IN HIS HAND.

HE WAS THE BEST OF US. A TRUE MURDER POLICE.

A DEVOTED SON OF DOOM.

A THOR OF THORS.

THIS WE DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIM.
FOR RAY.
FOR RAY.
FOR RAY.
WOULD ANYONE ELSE LIKE TO SAY SOME WORDS?
AYE.
ONLY ONE WORD.

VENGEANCE!
VENGEANCE.
A THOR HAS FALLEN. A THOR HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM US.
WE HAVE TOASTED HIM AND SAID OUR WORDS. WE HAVE LEFT HIS SOUL IN THE HANDS OF ALL-FATHER DOOM.
NOW, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS...
"NOW WE BRING THE THUNDER--
KRAKA-KOOM
VALHALLA'S

"--AND WOE UNTO THE SINNERS OF THIS WORLD."

IS THAT--?

YES, IT IS.

WE SHOULD RUN.

IT WON'T MATTER.

NOT JUST ANYONE CAN KILL A THOR. SO WHEN ONE FALLS...

GREENLAND.
DOMAIN OF THE HULKS.

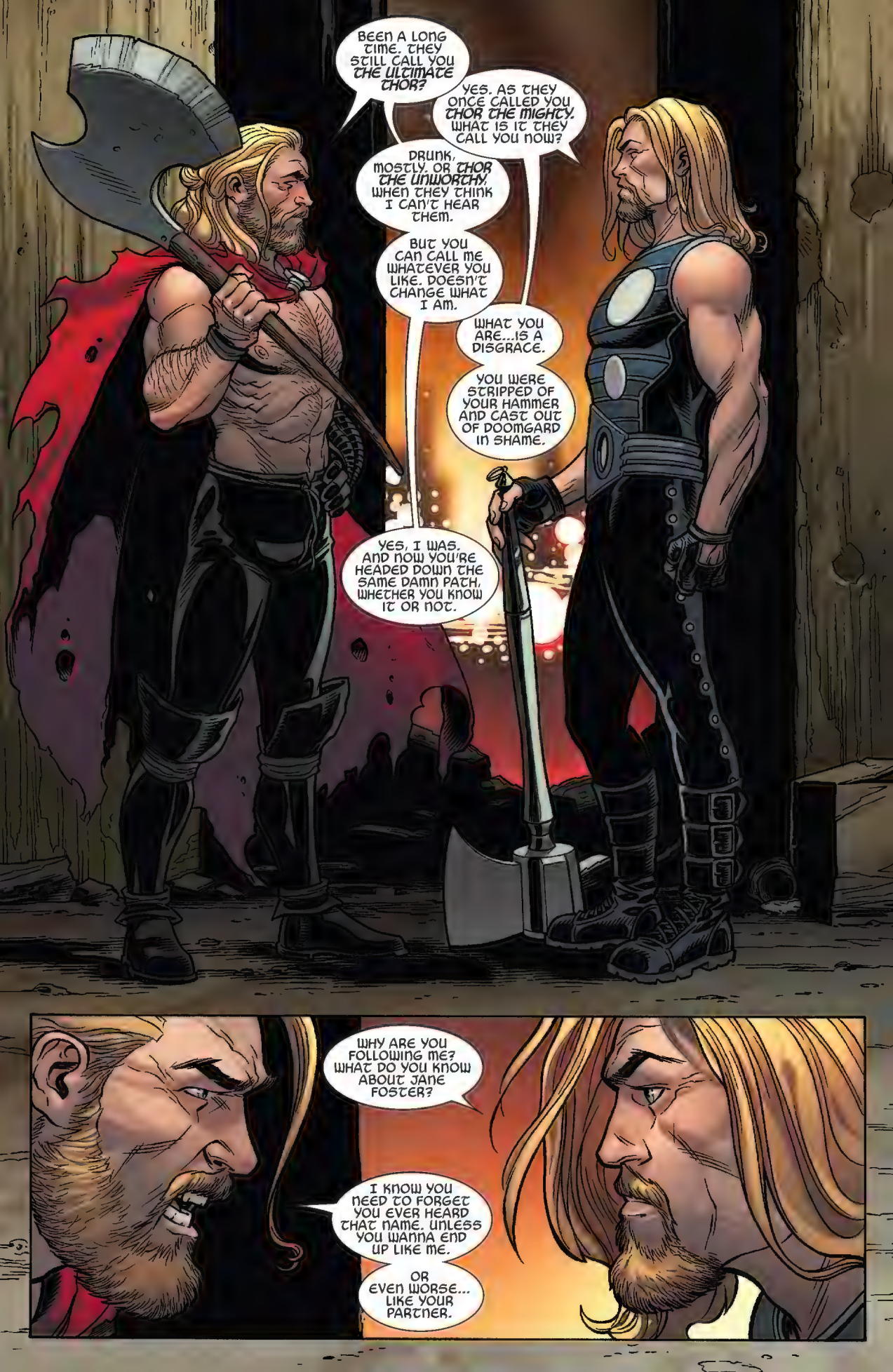
...WE ROUND UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS.

WITH VIGOR.

THE HULKS. THE SINISTERS. THE ULTRONS.
THE PROWLERS AND PREDATORS. THE MUTANTS AND MONSTERS.
THE REPEAT OFFENDERS.
YOU HAVE THE DOOM-GIVEN RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT.
BRAINS...
WE ROUST. WE SEARCH AND SEIZE. WE DETAIN FOR QUESTIONING.
WE EMPLOY ENHANCED INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES.
TALK, ROBOT.

By the next night, our hammer hands are sore and the holding cells at Doomgard are packed to the rafters with skells and scumbags.
But we've still got nothing to go on.
Nothing but a name.
Jane Foster.
Where is she?
Am I under arrest?
SHOULD you be under arrest?
I'm a nurse. I help people.
Then help me. Where is Dr. Jane Foster?
DOOM FAMILY CARE CLINIC
She used to work here but...she's been gone for months.
Gone where?
I don't know. No one knows. No one's seen her.
SOMEONE knows. People don't just disappear.
You're kidding, right? This is Battleworld. People disappear all the time.
Not when I'M looking for them. Where are her things?
They were...they were taken.
Taken by whom?
By a THOR.

A THOR?
I... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW.
A THOR CAME HERE AND TOOK JANE FOSTER'S THINGS? AFTER SHE DISAPPEARED?
HE SAID IT WAS A POLICE MATTER. WE ASSUMED HE WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.
WHICH THOR?
I DON'T KNOW. YOU... YOU ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME.
TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE.
HE...
YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS TURN AROUND.
YOU.
AYE, ME.


BEEN A LONG TIME. THEY STILL CALL YOU *THE ULTIMATE THOR?*
YES. AS THEY ONCE CALLED YOU *THOR THE MIGHTY.* WHAT IS IT THEY CALL YOU NOW?
DRUNK, MOSTLY. OR *THOR THE UNWORTHY,* WHEN THEY THINK I CAN'T HEAR THEM.
BUT YOU CAN CALL ME WHATEVER YOU LIKE. DOESN'T CHANGE WHAT I AM.
WHAT YOU ARE...IS A DISGRACE.
YOU WERE STRIPPED OF YOUR HAMMER AND CAST OUT OF DOOMGARD IN SHAME.
YES, I WAS. AND NOW YOU'RE HEADED DOWN THE SAME DAMN PATH, WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT.
WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JANE FOSTER?
I KNOW YOU NEED TO FORGET YOU EVER HEARD THAT NAME. UNLESS YOU WANNA END UP LIKE ME.
OR EVEN WORSE... LIKE YOUR PARTNER.

YOU SON OF A--
I ALWAYS LIKED RAY. HE DESERVED BETTER.
NOW BE A GOOD LITTLE THOR AND RUN BACK TO YOUR "FATHER" BEFORE YOU--
I AM NOT DONE HAVING WORDS WITH YOU, UNWORTHY ONE.
YOU KNOW YOUR MASTER'S RULES. NO THOR CAN LAY HANDS ON ANOTHER.
AYE. BUT YOU'RE NO THOR, ARE YOU?
ACTUALLY...
I'M THE ONLY DAMN THOR WHO MATTERS!
THEN TELL ME...WHY IS ONLY ONE OF US HOLDING A HAMMER?
YOU THINK A HAMMER IS WHAT MAKES YOU A THOR? YOU'VE GOT MORE TO LEARN THAN I THOUGHT.
COME. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

YOU COULD NOT BEST ME EVEN WHEN YOU WERE WORTHY. WITHOUT YOUR HAMMER, YOU HAVE NO CHANCE. STAND DOWN.
THERE IS A STRENGTH IN UNWORTHINESS. PERHAPS YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF SOON ENOUGH, SON OF DOOM.
YOU FORGET THE POWER OF MJOLNIR!

YOU FORGET HOW IT FEELS TO HOLD THE FURY OF A THOUSAND STORMS IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND!
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN A SINGLE SECOND OF THAT.
THEN HOW DARE YOU TAKE OUR FATHER'S NAME IN VAIN!
IT'S YOU WHO'VE FORGOTTEN, BROTHER THOR.
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN MORE THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE--
KRAKAKOOM
THAT THUNDER SOUNDS LIKE IT'S FOR YOU. YOUR BROTHERS ARE CALLING. BEST RUN ALONG NOW.
THIS IS NOT FINISHED BETWEEN US! I NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HIDING.
WHO IS JANE FOSTER?
WHY DOES IT MATTER?
THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW ANYWAY.

"YOU WERE RIGHT."
THRR HERE FETCHED ME A FEMUR BONE FROM THE GRAVE OF A JANE FOSTER IN EGYPTIA. THAT JANE DIED THREE YEARS AGO. CANCER.
BUT HER DNA MATCHES OUR FIVE BODIES IN THE MORGUE. OUR MURDER VICTIMS... THEY'RE ALL JANE FOSTERS.
ANY IDEA WHO SHE IS?
IN MOST KINGDOMS, SHE WAS A NURSE OR A DOCTOR. A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
YOU FIND ANY THAT ARE STILL LIVING?
NO. FROM WHAT I CAN FIND, THEY ALL DISAPPEARED MONTHS AGO.
AND NOW SOMEBODY'S DIGGING THEM UP AND DUMPING THEM IN THE STREETS. WHAT A DAMN WORLD WE LIVE IN.
THE KILLER IS TAUNTING US. THAT SEEMS OBVIOUS. I ASSUME THIS LATEST ONE IS THE SAME AS THE OTHERS?
NOT EXACTLY.

IT'S A... MAN.
BOY, NEVER LET IT BE SAID YOU'RE NOT AN ACE DETECTIVE.
WHY DO YOU THINK THIS IS CONNECTED TO THE JANE FOSTER KILLINGS?
HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR MONTHS, SAME AS YOUR LADIES. MOVED HERE RECENTLY. LEFT FOR US TO FIND.
AND LET ME GUESS... NO I.D.
ACTUALLY, THE PRINTS CAME BACK WITH A MATCH. THUNDERER THORLIEF...
MEET DONALD BLAKE.
DOOR-TO-DOOR HAMMER SALESMAN.
RECENTLY RETIRED.

DONALD BLAKE?
YEAH. THAT NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
NO. THOUGH... WHY DO I GET THE FEELING...
...THAT IT SHOULD?
HA!
WHO'S THERE? THROG, I THOUGHT THIS AREA WAS SECURE!
IT IS.
workvac
THRR, GO GET HIM, BOY!
RAWF RAWF RAWF!

KZZZAAK
AAOOOOOOO
SOUNDS LIKE THRR'S DOWN. AND SMELLS LIKE MAGIC. WHO THE HEL IS THIS?
KRADA-KOOM
I'LL TELL YOU WHO IT IS...

OUR FIRST SUSPECT.
PLEASE.
CALL ME LOKI.
TO BE CONTINUED